

Vol. II — No. 9

The Pathfinder

MARCH, 1908

ROSSETTI

By GEORGE B. ROSE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE
FIFTY CENTS A YEAR · TEN CENTS A COPY

Entered at the post-office at Sewanee as second-class matter

The **University of the South** *Sewanee, Tennessee*



Opened in 1868. Located at Sewanee, Tennessee, on a plateau of the Cumberland Mountains, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea. Sewanee has a national reputation as a health resort. The Departments of the University are:

*Academic, Theological,
Medical, Pharmaceutical,
Law, and Engineering.*

THE SEWANEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL prepares boys for this and other Universities and for business.

After the Lent Term (March 19 to June 25) of the present year (1908), the scholastic year, in all departments except the Medical, opens in September and closes in June (a change from a winter to a summer vacation), and is divided into two terms, Advent and Easter. The Medical Department opens in April and continues to October, as heretofore.

For catalogues and other information, address

B. LAWTON WIGGINS, M.A., LL.D.,
Vice-Chancellor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

With the July number, 1907, THE PATHFINDER begins its second volume. We promise to maintain in this the same standard of excellence. During the year the *Old Authors* series, including Malory, Cervantes, Boccaccio, Michelangelo and Abelard, will be continued; a new series, *Old Wine to Drink*, by Mr. Allen, including Waller, Herrick, Suckling, Jonson, Lovelace, Campion and Carew, will be added; Dr. Weygandt's series will include, among others, articles on Stevenson, Housman and Newbolt; Mr. Wiley will continue his series dealing with the English Romanticists, and Mr. Rose his criticisms of art and artists. There will be special numbers devoted to Dante, Milton, etc.

It is now impossible to supply volume one; certain numbers are no longer in print.

All *new* subscriptions *must* begin with number one of volume two.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

General Kirby-Smith

THE Life of this "Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate Army" (whose statue the State of Florida has recently ordered placed in the National Hall of Statuary in the City of Washington), is now ready.

The literary work is done by ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL, editor of *Bishop Quintard's Memoirs of the War*. The book is almost an autobiography, and relies chiefly upon letters written by Edmund Kirby-Smith at West Point, on the battle-fields of the War with Mexico, on the Southwestern frontier, in Virginia while recruiting the Army of the Confederacy, in the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederate States, and in Cuba. A valuable contribution to American biographies.

The book will have a photogravure portrait of General Kirby-Smith as he appeared in war time, and facsimile reproductions of the "last official order issued in the Confederate Army." 12mo; gray cloth; about 300 pages. Price, \$1.50 net; by mail, \$1.60.

The University Press of Sewanee Tennessee

PUBLISHERS' PAGE

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH

<i>THE MIRACLE OF SPRING</i>	<i>By Charlotte Porter</i>
<i>ROSSETTI</i>	<i>By George B. Rose</i>
<i>COROT'S "DANCE OF NYMPHS, EVENING"</i>	<i>By John Russell Hayes</i>
<i>THE FIRST DANDELION</i>	<i>Reprint from Walt Whitman</i>
<i>PRESCIENCE</i>	<i>By Lewis Worthington Smith</i>
<i>MICHELANGELO'S KISS</i>	<i>Reprint from Rossetti</i>
<i>OLD AUTHORS TO READ.—IX. MICHEL-ANGELO</i>	<i>By Frank Waller Allen</i>
<i>MY LADY IN GREEN</i>	<i>By Warwick James Price</i>
<i>MONNA LISA</i>	<i>Reprint from Lowell</i>
<i>FROM "PIPPA PASSES"</i>	<i>Reprint from Browning</i>

This journal is published monthly by THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE.

The subscription price is Fifty Cents a year, or Seventy-five Cents when sent to a foreign country. Single copies are Ten Cents.

The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*

Tis planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The first volume of the little journal was concluded in June, 1907. The publishers are more than justified with the moral support it has received. Among the leading American poets and essayists who have contributed to its pages are D. C. Gilman, R. U. Johnson, Edwin Mims, D. K. Dodge, J. R. Hayes, J. G. Neihardt, Edith M. Thomas, G. B. Rose, F. W. Allen, W. P. Shepard, Clyde Furst, C. H. Page, Edwin Wiley, G. L. Swiggett, Ludwig Lewisohn, Clinton Scollard, E. C. Litsey, Jeannette Marks, Charlotte Porter, Estelle Duclo, Fanny Runnels Poole, S. M. Peck, and B. L. Gildersleeve.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. During the past year you have received one or more sample copies of **THE PATHFINDER**. To make the journal a financial success, we must materially increase its subscription. May we not, therefore, beg your cordial co-operation and enlist your support and influence among your friends?

In order to gain your interest, we have decided to present to anyone sending in four subscriptions (\$2) a copy of Emerson's *Essay on Compensation*. The essay has an appropriate introductory note by Professor Lewis Nathaniel Chase, of the department of English in Indiana University. It is set up in beautiful old style type and printed on paper of antique finish, and bound with wrapper covers. It is a good example of dignified bookmaking.

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

The Pathfinder

Vol. II]

MARCH, 1908

[No. 9]

THE MIRACLE OF SPRING

(To accompany Sandro Botticelli's *La Nascita di Venere*)

By CHARLOTTE PORTER

The laughing little waves Love's will outran :—

Could any steeds less subtle race so well

As these curved sea-lips kissing round Love's shell?

Her flying cherubs, fleeting as they can,

With puffing cheeks may only steer and fan

The secret breezes that unseen impel

Her shallop on, and they but heed the spell

That stings her heart for Earth — dear home of man.

O quicken new the miracle of Spring!

Ride, Love, all glowing from thy far sea-home!

Rise, Earth, to clasp her in thine arms and thrill
With breeze-born touches, buds of spirit-wing!

Then let thy breast enfold Love's fire and foam,

Thy living vesture Love's bared beauty fill!

*ROSSETTI**By GEORGE B. ROSE*

It is probable that there is no one qualified to write of Rossetti. Either one loves him not at all, or one loves him overmuch; and in neither case is one a competent critic. Still, he is a great figure in the field of modern art, and one must write of him as one can.

His color is enchanting. He divides with Böcklin the honor of being the greatest of modern colorists; not so intense as the mighty Swiss, but with hues more subtly mingled and tints more delicately shaded. His color schemes are free from the harsh dissonances that so often jar on one in the work of Delacroix, and they are wonderfully clear and brilliant and completely his own. He seems to have taken the red of the ruby, the blue of the sapphire, the green of the emerald, the yellow of the topaz, the purple of the amethyst, and melted them upon his palette. He does not, like Böcklin, place them side by side in poignant contrast. He fuses them into an infinite variety of exquisite tones. No one before him ever produced the same color effects; no one has produced them since. If his pictures

had no meaning — if we belonged to a race from another planet to whom the figures meant nothing — they would still be an exquisite delight to the eye for their color harmonies alone.

No one can deny Rossetti's power as a colorist, but it is the fashion to say that he never learned to draw. But he who has visited the Birmingham Gallery or any other considerable collection of his drawings must see how fallacious is this charge. I do not know of any other drawings in the whole range of modern art that are more incisive, more convincing, of a more compelling charm. To surpass them we must go back to Leonardo da Vinci and Albert Dürer. They are truly fascinating in their precision, their vigor and their psychologic power. If the drawing of his pictures is not always perfect, it is not for want of skill, but either from carelessness or because he sacrificed drawing to some other effect that appealed to him more, just as Michelangelo, the greatest anatomist among artists, bends back the arm of his *Night* to an impossible degree, to emphasize the want of repose in her slumber.

When you say that a man is a splendid colorist and a consummate draughtsman, you proclaim him a great artist. But while that is

enough to satisfy his brother craftsmen, the world at large want to know for what purpose his skill used, what message he has to convey.

And it is here that those who dislike Rossetti turn away. For the realist, for the man who loves to see the actualities of daily life presented with convincing accuracy, he has no word. His works are poems. He was a great poet in language, but a far greater with the brush. It is not the refined, delicate, Tennysonian poetry of Burne-Jones. It is a rich, passionate, sensuous poetry, the poetry of Keats and of de Musset; most of all, Rossetti's own poetry—"the fleshly school," as Buchanan called it—transferred to canvas with an added power. They are not wholesome types, those women with their full lips that promise joys that dissolve the soul, with those strange haunting eyes that suggest impossible sins. Neither do they conform to the established canons of beauty. But, as Leonardo says, there is no great beauty that has not some strangeness in it, and he illustrated it by painting faces of a strange, subtle, individual charm which, once seen, haunt the chambers of the memory forever. But while Leonardo sought to fathom the inmost soul's most exquisite feelings, its most delicate fancies, Rossetti gives us

exotic hot-house flowers in whose heavy perfume there is death. Such women were never painted before, never haunted the dreams of any other poet. They are the women of *The Song of the Bower*, such as might haunt the opium dreams of some Sardanapalus in Bagdad or Damascus. Perhaps the world is no better for their existence; but it would be far poorer were they blotted out. No one before Rossetti ever evoked this type of beauty—none has evoked it since. It was his own creation, the ultimate expression of his own soul's desire. It was not evolved at once. For years he groped toward it; but when at last he found it he made it his own, and his it will remain forever. As with the poetic forms of Poe and Swinburne, success is possible only to the master. I do not blame those who do not love these pictures, who prefer the daisies of the fields to these far-sought poppies of more than Oriental luxury. It may be that they are all the better off in their preference for the simple flowers that grow around the home. Perhaps they are wiser not to enter into this enchanted realm where Lilith and Circe reign in their exotic charms. Wiser they may be; but they have missed one of the most poignant pleasures that art can give.

COROT'S "DANCE OF NYMPHS, EVENING"(Reprint from *The Shepherd's Hour-Glass*)

By JOHN RUSSELL HAYES

I muse before a landscape of Corot,
Wherein the painter doth express
With soft, ideal loveliness
All that his loving heart would have us know,
All that his loving eye hath seen,
In this old-world idyllic dale,
Where silvery vapors pale
Hang o'er the little copse of tenderest green,
And from the flowery turf
Whose half-blown roses toss like fairy surf,
Fair sisterhoods of slender poplars rise,
Birches and tremulous aspens, delicate trees,
Diaphanous, vague and cool—
While by the soft marge of the woodland pool,
Clear-sculptured on the saffron evening skies,
Sweet dryad forms sway in the breeze,
Sway—and veer—and softly sing
Enchanted harmonies to greet the Spring.

*THE FIRST DANDELION*

(Reprint from WALT WHITMAN)

Simple and fresh and fair from winter's close emerging,
As if no artifice of fashion, business, politics, had ever been
Forth from its sunny nook of shelter'd grass—innocent,
golden, calm as the dawn,
The Spring's first dandelion shows its trustful face.

*PRESCIENCE**By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH*

Die, with the secret still a thing unlearned?
The dream of what might be a thing undone?

No life was ever meant to fail like that.
What are the aspirations for? the slow
Untangling of the threads of false and true?
The intuitions that grew somehow one
With each new revelation nature yields
Until the promise grows beyond the hope,
And flashes to assurance through the doubt?

And yet man dies and leaves things unachieved?

Man seems to die and death may be for some.
When yesterday, today, and all the years
Repeat another yesterday, no more,—
But you and I—how could we ever stop?
And I have spent, why, half a life, I know,
Since first you laughed at me for dreaming dreams.

And am no nearer?

Every day and hour
I find some fresher marvel pointing on,
Some new assurance that a law must be,
New cause for awe in what surrounds our lives,
And plucks them forward to an end unseen.

No nearer still? Not near enough for proof?

Not master of the marshalled facts that cry:
“Here, here are we. Take us for guide and reach
The certain wonder of the city gates.”
Not nearer, had I not been given eyes

To see the glory flooding all the West,
Although my feet are halting in the path.
What shall I do but push the brake aside?
Go straight on where the branches meet above?
Leap rock and rivulet and laugh at thorns?
Nor care that others ride on shaded roads,
By well-kept lawns and fields of waving grain
With easy laughter for such fools as I?

Die in the gloom forgotten and alone?
Die with that light before me?

I might leave

The body wearied with the eagerness
Of soul that cannot feel its checks and stays;
But it would not be death to live again,
To trace from nerve to nerve, from cell to cell,
Electric impulse, nature's lesser will,
With surer prescience of discovery;
To gather knowledge till it grows to truth,
Shaped to the beauty of a wondrous bloom
By strange atomic laws that bind and build,
And make a purple glory of the dust
That else were but a blindness and a blur.
God gave us impulses to know and make,
To reach and gauge the protoplasmic germ,
To find the cause and trace the consequence,
And then become creators as we can.

Creators? And I seem, to use your word,
Presumptuous? Man might seem to be a god?

Might seem to be! I mean much more than that.
He must become, not seem; must strive and reach
And make himself a god at last, in deed.

Man's littleness? You fancy I forget
Or lose myself in day-dreams?

If I do,

That only proves the thing that brings your smile.
How do you think God made the passion-flower?
He knew, not just the color and the shape,
But all the strange affinities that move
And blend the various atoms curiously,
A woven tissue fairer than the mist
Of dreaming clouds when Spring is warm in May.
I, too, must know, not just the truth itself,
Not the warm blossom plucked for me to wear,
But all the play of life about the roots,
The juices that float in and rise and build,
All things that go to make the flower at last.
And knowing this, I shall be free to feel
That all I dreamed so long ago is germ,
And all this more that I have learned at last
Shall be the loam and rain and breath of air
To feed the sap until by interchange
And interplay of strange affinities
That some rapt spell shall lift me up to see,
The ecstasy of poet or of seer,
By biologic law within the mind,
I shall myself become a maker, too,
And for the facts,—cold, dull as river mud
Borne onward from the rocks the rains have washed,—
I shall behold a something strange and new,
A something more than fact, the soul of truth.
This lifts me to a need denied the brute,
A need no life of earth can satisfy,
Demanding ere the giving something more
Than rapt beginnings that can have no end.
The gift of wish and will to make and know
Beyond the hope this earthly life bestows
Is in itself a promise, made more sure
By rounded fulness of all other gifts.

You do not see the gain? Your vision fails
Before the joy my life may so enfold?

Still to discover, see with faultless eyes,
And then, from such discovery flashing fact
Upon the sense, to shape, create the new,
Moulding the future at its birth in thought,
To feel the primal forces of the world
Feeding the trunk of growth with springing sap
That shall be leaf and flower and ripening fruit --
Still to discover, still to shape and make;
That is forever man's great living good
That lifts him more than man above the world,
Watching it all, creator and create,
Lord of the dust in fellowship with God,
Lord of the laws God made to form the dust
And make it wonderful from hour to hour
In ever growing splendors of delight.

This hope for you is too intangible?
You are no poet? Would not be a seer
To roll your eyes in frenzy, seem to know
Unfathomed mysteries, and after die
And pass to blank oblivion the more
For having wasted life in idle dreams?

God bless the dreamers and the poets still!
God bless the delvers into secret crypts
Of nature's wealth beneath the dust of years,
Their spirits soaring while they hurt their hands
With jagged masses of the gold they bring!
God bless the prophets with their rapt wild eyes!
The while you toil in ways of common needs,
They come with hands of largess and but ask
That you will take and find your life more sweet.
God bless the unrepaid whom He must pay,

Who else have been deceived and thwarted, mocked,
 Delivered to allurings of the mire,
 Made light of as beneath the lowest brute.
 God bless the martyrs who have died for truth,
 But cannot die forever, as I know !
 God bless the tasks he sets them, tasks their souls
 Leap up to meet as flowers to greet the sun !
 God bless the toil that sets the toiler free,
 That lets the prisoned spirit from the flesh
 Leap out in things achieved, that keeps the eyes
 Sure of a future where all toil shall seem
 The finished splendor of the deathless years !



MICHELANGELO'S KISS

Reprint from DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Great Michelangelo, with age grown bleak
 And uttermost labors, having once o'ersaid
 All grievous memories on his long life shed,
 This worst regret to one true heart could speak :—
 That when, with sorrowing love and reverence meek,
 He stooped o'er sweet Colonna's dying bed,
 His Muse and dominant Lady, spirit-wed—
 Her hand he kissed, but not her brow or cheek.

O Buonarrotti — good at Art's fire-wheels
 To urge her chariot! — even thus the soul,
 Touching at length some sorely-chastened goal,
 Earns oftenest but a little: her appeals
 Were deep and mute,— lowly her claim.
 Let be:
 What holds for her Death's garner?
 And for thee?

*OLD AUTHORS TO READ**By FRANK WALLER ALLEN**IX.—MICHELANGELO*

Though it was morning in early June, the city was old Rome, and his own Vittoria Colonna was seated at his feet, there still lurked about his mouth that irrevocable expression of scorn born of long years of bitter misunderstandings. On a time in a day that was dead his lips seemed to have curled in enduring contempt, and never again to have recovered their pristine faith, because of those who had naught to give him in return for the dreams he wrought in stone save that which hurt the heart. And now not even love could efface the harshness of those lines sculptured with even a more everlasting craftsman's hand than was his own when he had carved anger upon the stern brow of his indignant *Moses*. Yet his eyes denied that this woe was deeper than the mind, and bespoke a soul warm with human sympathy, and a brave love of all that was good and beautiful. Then came the sound of his melodious voice which plainly told of the sweetness of the thoughts it bore.

"Ah, my Vittoria, it is to have lived to some purpose all of these years of toil to have in the end known thy face. It is true there are times," it pleased him to say as if looking back to an earlier day, "when my heart much regrets having missed thy youth. . . . Not so much for thy warm blood, my dear, or mine, but of the unalloyed purity that would have been born in my heart of thine. . . . Yes, I covet our birth-right to the delectable isles where Allah counts not the days."

"But, Michel," replied the woman, from her cushions beside the statue, "you would not have loved a soul unborn! I had not learned life, and beauty was to me unknown. You would have scorned a mere girl, predisposed to luxury, who would have liked you largely for the curl of your hair."

"O, I know that now you bring me a riper mind, a tried heart, and beauty sweetened by maturity; but think of what I bring you. . . . For half a century I have sought you, and so often has my heart been starved that a hundred times have I painted your soul into the face of a Madonna, worshipping, and sinned against the mother of God! All of my life have I made men and gods out of stone, and created upon

chapel walls visions of saints and the Master of Men, from a mere bambino to the brow of Calvary, always hungering for the gentle pressure of your understanding fingers, the soul lying deep within your eyes, the love I find in your brave, true heart! Fifty years, and think you I have not grown weary by the way? Fifty years, and think you I have not known the *de profundis* of despair? Think you I have not sinned, and sinned, and sinned—I the maker of *Moses*—I, who have rebuked popes for their folly—I, who would have Savonarola and His cross the conquerors of Florence? Listen to me, you who understand: Once on a chapel wall I wrought with the utmost care for more than a year the face, then the wee body, of a bambino with God in his eyes, and love on his lips. When His Holiness, the Pope, would have known why I spent so much time upon a child, did I not reply by asking, ‘Is not He the Father’s Son?’ And yet was not my heart crying, ‘A lie, a lie!’ for I knew it was my unborn love-child whom I now know these arms shall never close upon, these scornful lips of mine shall never kiss.”

“You look upon my face, betimes, my own, and wonder at these lips which have spoken so much of scorn that they have shapen themselves

so they speak loudest when moving not at all. You wonder because you find your old lover of beauty suspicious of motives, impatient of temper, and cynical. Well, it is because all of my life I have dreamed of love, a love such as yours, and found it but yesterday. For a man past sixty to have wasted fifty years, my *Vittoria*, is to have broken his heart."

And the old master bowed his head against the giant figure of his *Moses* as one who would weep were his sorrow not too deep for tears.

"My master," whispered the Marchesa di Pescara, "let me tell you that which you have brought me. You, who would make me believe you had but loved me to regret me, must know my youth was lived that I might prepare for the coming of your friendship. I must be worthy of you, and the price was not to have known the lad Michelangelo. . . . Listen to what you are to me:

"My Master," you have brought me a mind marvellously attuned to the beauty of the world, and, like a god in little, with the cunning of your hands have produced it in everlasting marble. You have talked with God, you have painted wondrous visions of the Mother of Jesus, and even of the Master of Men Himself. You have taught

men to feel the fatherliness of the One, the motherhood of the Other, and have made actual the sorrow of the cross. And at sixty years and more you have not brought me that passion of youth I might have had of any passing comely man, but you have given me the brave heart of a gentle man who has worked and loved and sought. And my name, centuries after our common dust has lost itself in native soil, will be remembered with loving kindness because you were my friend."

Vittoria Colonna was right that day, and so was Michelangelo. He was well past sixty when he wandered into the Eternal City and found there a woman who understood him. These years he had worked for himself and for Popes at tasks he loved and at others he despised. Some of the work was good, some of it was bad, and much of it was wonderful. But that which he was made to do against his will, did to him what has happened to many a great soul before—it near broke his heart. Such men long for sympathy, for appreciation, for tenderness and their hearts turn bitter as the waters of Marah if they find it not. The world about Michelangelo was filled with the scheming politics of Macchiavelli, the insincere religious pretensions of Julius and

his followers, while society toyed with the light-o'-loves of libertines. No man had more sympathy with the art of Angelo than was necessary to foster private ambitions. And no one cared about the heart of this man who was "the conscience of Italy." It is easily understood that fifty years of disappointment in failing to find tenderness where love is sought by a soul requiring it as a plant must needs have light, brings bitterness and a lack of faith.

Thus, in a measure, we may understand how much he must have loved this woman who brought him this appreciation, this friendship after all the years of waiting. For ten years they lived and loved and worked and dreamed. They were very short, these years, and very happy. Far happier than Michel ever hoped for after death. Of a surety, they lived as the gods. The delectable isles were in Rome, in their hearts, and Allah counted not the hours. He wrote sonnets, carved in marble, painted pictures and loved Vittoria Colonna.

Then there came a hand more grim than any of which he had yet dreamed. A Sculptor whose material is life, whose craftsmanship is sure, uncouth and ugly, love alone he cannot always use to his fancy, and his name is Death.

Vittoria Colonna was dead. Michelangelo was bent beneath the sorrow of a life whose work was done. Yet clean, strong, immortal, and filled with the spirit of the youth long lost, was the love he had sought and found and cherished in his brave true heart.

*MY LADY IN GREEN**By WARWICK JAMES PRICE*

My lady in green looks smiling down,
As I sit at my work below her,
In old-time bonnet and old-time gown,
The daintiest maiden in all the town,
'Tis half of one's life to know her.

The thoughtful eyes and the waving hair,
Sweet lips and graceful fingers,
And more—an indefinite something there
That drives to the winds each petty care,
While an old-world fragrance lingers.

Does memory whisper of darling Prue?
Does there linger yet in her laces
The lavender scent that our grandames knew?
Does the rose in her hand yet breathe the dew,
That passed with those antique graces?

That secret something you'll never see
In the charms with which she is laden;
It lies (and how many hearts agree?)
In the love of her, who in love of me
Has painted this little maiden.

MONNA LISA

Reprint from JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

She gave me all that woman can,
 Nor her soul's nunnery forego,
 A confidence that man to man
 Without remorse can never show.

Rare art, that can the sense refine
 Till not a pulse rebellious stirs,
 And, since she never can be mine,
 Makes it seem sweeter to be hers.

—+—

FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

Reprint from ROBERT BROWNING

The year's at the Spring
 And day's at the morn;
 Morning's at seven;
 The hillside's dew-pearled;
 The lark's on the wing;
 The snail's on the thorn:
 God's in His heaven—
 All's right with the world!

Recent Publications

CHARLOTTE PORTER and HELEN A. CLARKE.—*The Tempest*, *The Winters Tale*, and *Othello*. Three additional volumes from the DeVinne Press in the exceedingly well-edited and handy *First Folio Shakespeare*. For students and general readers no better edition can be obtained. The editing reveals scholarly range and insight and neglects nothing of importance to the teacher. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1908.

FELIX E. SCHELLING.—*Elizabethan Drama. 1558-1642*. A history of the drama in England from the accession of Queen Elizabeth to the closing of the theatres, to which is prefixed a résumé of the earlier drama from its beginnings. Furnished with a list of plays and index. A notable contribution to American scholarship. Readable books on one of the most attractive subjects in comparative literature by the professor of English literature of the University of Pennsylvania. A genial outlook and peculiarly sane presentment characterizes every chapter. This is nowhere better shown than in the unique arrangement of bibliography in the delightful Bibliographical Essay. With method and style suggestive of Brunetière and Brandes, Professor Schelling develops his theme, from the examination of the earliest dramatic forms and sources to the concluding retrospect, by novel groupings of the examined plays and background. A wider interest in this field must result from the publication of this book, the directive and informing mind of whose author has been confined too exclusively to his loyal and admiring students. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1908.

The Sewanee Review Quarterly

*Issued in January, April, July and October
Each number consists of 128 large octavo pages, hand-
somely printed on heavy paper
Subscription, \$2 a year; Single numbers, 50c*

THE REVIEW is now in its sixteenth year. It has well proved its value in School, College and University Reading Rooms, and in Public Libraries. It is devoted to reviews of leading books and to papers on such topics of general literature as require fuller treatment than they receive in popular magazines and less technical treatment than they receive in specialist publications. It conforms more nearly to the type of the English Reviews than is usual with American periodicals.

Among papers that have appeared in THE REVIEW and have attracted wide attention, the following may be mentioned: *National Life and Character*, by Hon. Theodore Roosevelt; *What Becomes of Our Trade Balances?* by W. H. Allen; *An Academic Sermon*, by Professor W. P. Trent, etc., etc.

Address

THE SEWANEE REVIEW
Sewanee, Tennessee

American Familiar Verse VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ

Edited, with an Introduction by BRANDER MATTHEWS,
Litt.D. (Yale), of Columbia University. Crown 8vo.
\$1.40 net.

. . . The selections here made are admirably adapted for this purpose. Several of them will be new even to the most omnivorous devourers of fiction. The special introductions to the stories are both biographical and critical.—*The Outlook*.

New Collected Rhymes

By ANDREW LANG. Crown 8vo. **\$1.25 net.**

. . . There is plenty of art in his new collection of poems, but if it leaves an uncommonly pleasant impression it is because there is in it, likewise, plenty of genuine thought and feeling.—*New York Tribune*.

Adventures Among Books

By ANDREW LANG. With Photogravure Portrait after Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A. Crown 8vo. **\$1.60 net.** By mail, **\$1.70.**

Here we have Mr. Lang at his best. . . . The recollections, perhaps, are the best things in the book—of Stevenson, Dr. John Brown, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, all sympathetic, delicate, and perceptive in criticism, reticent to the point of shyness. But the lighter literary essays have that elusive humour of which we have spoken, even in a greater degree than the recollections, and in the “The Boy” Mr. Lang is almost rollicking—for Mr. Lang.—*Morning Post*, London.

The Earthly Paradise

By WILLIAM MORRIS. With a new Photogravure Portrait and an Introduction by J. W. MACKAIL. 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt top, boxed, **\$5.00.**

** This entirely new edition is printed in large type on light wove paper, the binding being uniform with Mr. Mackail's “Life of Morris.”

Songs of Childhood

By WALTER RAMAL. With a Frontispiece, “Under the Dock Leaves,” from a drawing by RICHARD DOYLE. 16mo. **\$1.20 net.**

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.
93 Fifth Avenue New York City

COLLEGE FRIENDSHIPS



THESE verses were written by President CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, and read at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Delta Psi Fraternity at Williams College.

They express the faith, held by many in common with the author, in the continuity beyond the years of the real friendship of souls. The message will be a stimulus and consolation to all to whom it comes.

As a piece of bookmaking, the volume is the best that has come from *The Sewanee Press*. The type used is the beautiful Caslon, and the paper is "Arches" French handmade. It was dampened before printing and the sheets were afterwards smoothed in the dry-press. There is a touch of antique red on the title-page and the colophon is likewise rubricated. Otherwise the volume is without decoration, making its appeal through its dignified simplicity.

The entire edition consists of only 180 copies. Of these, ten copies will be bound in full levant with silk ends, stamped in gold; the remaining 180 copies will be bound in limp leather. The special copies will be sold for \$10 each, and the others at \$2 each.

• • •
THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

THREE IMPORTANT BOOKS ON FOREIGN MISSIONS

* *

*

- I. MISSIONARY WORK IN THE EAST: by Sir HENRY MORTIMER DURAND, Ambassador of Great Britain to the United States.
- II. THE RELATION OF DIPLOMACY TO FOREIGN MISSIONS : by the Honorable JOHN W. FOSTER, Former Secretary of State of the United States.
- III. THE SECULAR PRESS AND FOREIGN MISSIONS : by J. A. MACDONALD, Managing Editor of *The Globe*, Toronto, Canada.

—
THESE books are bound separately with loose cover wrapper, the price being Fifty Cents each.

These very important papers are here presented in a form that will be highly satisfactory to the collector of choice books. The paper is an antique finish, folded into pages $6\frac{1}{4}'' \times 9\frac{1}{2}''$ in size.

—

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF
SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Letters of Ordination
Sentences of Consecration of
Churches & Resolutions of re-
spec^t. etc & engrossed and illuminated
Book-plates designed and executed by
A. H. Noll & Sewanee Tennessee

C In answering advertisements, if only to make inquiries, kindly mention that the advertisement was seen in "The Pathfinder."



**Newcomb
Pottery**



AND EMBROIDERY

The Art-Crafts of the South

Distinctive, beautiful, and in the best sense *souvenir*, the productions of the Newcomb studios have won a position in the front rank of American art handicrafts.

Medals awarded at PARIS
BUFFALO
CHARLESTON
ST. LOUIS
PORTLAND

Send for illustrated circular

NEWCOMB COLLEGE, ART DEPARTMENT *of* TULANE UNIVERSITY, NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

WHATEVER withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784).